

If He's the Devil, Than I Must be Lilith

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If He's the Devil, Than I Must be Lilith

by [RichTkin](#)

Summary

Will Graham has always bordered the world of the human and supernatural, bleeding into both worlds simultaneously with no control as to who he meets or what happens to him.

Through his first meeting with Hannibl Lecter, a vampire in disguise, Will is intrigued by his magnetic aura and seeks to learn more about him and the vampiric world that surrounds them. But little does he know that this interaction will lead to an unpredictable chain of events, for better or for worse.

After a forbidden romance between the two of them sparks, a waltz of love and danger haunts them and the line between hunter and prey starts to blur.

Notes

I wanted to start off by saying this is my first actual piece of writing, with these characters, and in general, so I apologize if its not the best. I'm also figuring out the story as I write it so I'm not entirely sure what tags will apply until I've written something.

This is a Hannigram Vampire AU because its such a huge disservice to have such a small number of stories in this specific AU. It follows a somewhat similar plot as the original TV series with a few modifications to make it less angsty so descriptions of murdering and violence related stuff is still included.

Blood Ties and Fragile Alliances

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



The overwhelming, profoundly prominent smell of blood is nauseating. Far more nauseating than the sight in front of Will. A baker's dozen of unidentified bodies litter the cubical room, all seemingly sucked dry. Blood from identical bullet wounds on their temples and lacerations on each of the bodies paint the floor. Incisions on the left side of abdomens hide various misplaced organs and a distinguished bite mark located on the necks, collars and thighs litter alternating victims. A vampiric bite mark, unfortunately untraceable due to an absence of vampire dental files.

“How long do you think these bodies have been here?” Zeller asks in disgust.

“Not sure, but definitely a few days at least. That’s if we’re taking into account the pungent smell of blood and decaying corpses,” Katz replies, scrunching her nose, examining one of the bodies.

“Lucifer’s work no doubt,” Jack states from his spot on the opposite side of the room from Will.

“No. He didn't kill them. I mean, yeah it kinda matches his design if you squint. But he wasn't the one who killed these guys. Lucifer kills one at a time. He extends the process, doesn't leave a bite mark and surely doesn't shoot his victims with a gun. Whoever did this was just being cruel,” Will argues, scanning the room for additional information. “Also, his incisions are surgical, these are sloppy.”

“So you’re saying that whoever did this is trying to frame Lucifer?” Jack deadpans.

“No, that's not what I’m saying. An accomplice. Maybe two. Someone who’s on his side and trying to throw us off his track. Clearly we’re getting close if an accomplice is getting so desperate enough to butcher innocent people like we’re at a goddamn pig farm.”

“At least now we know he’s not necessarily working alone. That’s pretty important information,” Katz pitches as she works on extracting evidence from one of the bodies.

“Don’t you think we could have figured that out alone? I mean I love you man but I’m still a little paranoid about having a ‘vampire’ working on this case,” Zeller says, chills visibly running down his back. His family is one with very superstitious values and anything that involves ‘magic’ is quite scary to him. Reasonably so.

“I’m not a vampire,” Will snaps. And it’s true. Many people tend to mistake him for a supernatural being because of his ability but that’s not necessarily true. Will is a hyper empath, meaning he’s able to take all the evidence provided on a crime scene and read and understand the motives that drive people to kill. Tapping into their history, intentions and emotions. Now that in of itself isn’t anything that would deem Will as this otherworldly being but that’s not the entirety of his ability. The part of his ability that garners negative reviews is the fact that he’s able to do all of this using the blood on a crime scene. Vampires have a very strong bond to blood so Will’s ability to use blood to his advantage in the way that many vampires do is unsettling to those like Zeller who’ve lived lives of superstition, wearing garlic necklaces and all.

“Well if we’re on the right track, how about we just keep going until we hit gold. Clearly having you in this case is stirring the pot,” Jimmy chimes in and notions towards Will. “We’ve never been this close to catching Lucifer before. Jack made the right decision to bring you into this case!”

“Uh, thanks,” Will awkwardly replies, attempting to look occupied.

“I’d beg to differ,” Alana retorts, heels clicking quietly on the floor as she strides into the room, eyes not leaving Jacks, wearing an unimpressed look. “Jack? A word?”

And with that the two of them leave the room and start arguing in a hushed tone, undoubtedly about Will’s presence in this case. Alana believes that Will shouldn’t be a part of vampire hunting cases considering the effect it might have on his mental stability. Jack takes this into account but overall believes that one person’s mental instability is a good sacrifice for saving countless innocent lives. Will agrees. There’s nothing worse than knowing you can do something to save people and not doing it. It’s not righteous. Although Will does appreciate where Alana is coming from with her concern, it’s a very limited appreciation. He knows that Jack often pushes him but it’s ultimately Will’s decision on what he does in regards to his life. Her scolding makes him feel like a child being caught with their hand in the cookie jar past bedtime.

“Wait so you’re saying we’re dealing with more fucking vampires than we bargained for?” Zeller says, brows frowning, looking at Will for conformation.

“Probably, but it doesn’t seem like Lucifer orchestrated this little massacre we have on our hands. He’s never this reckless, I don’t think he would risk being caught just to throw us off,” Will shakes his head in disapproval.

“Mostly at the peak of the case too,” Katz adds.

“God I don’t know why I even got into vampire hunting. Just normal homicide should have been good enough. The whole “vampire’s having powers that make it twenty times harder to find them” is just so life sucking,” Zeller whines.

“Life sucking? You mean just how whoever did this sucked the life out of these guys?” Jimmy attempts to say without laughing but once the joke is out the two of them cackle as if it’s the funniest thing in the world, seemingly having forgotten that they’re in a room with thirteen murdered people.

“Hey Will, come out here for a second. I need to talk to you about something,” Jack waves for Will from the door frame. As Will steps out he's met face to face with Alana whose hands are crossed in the disapproving motherlike nature that makes Will feel like he's just broken a vase. Finding it difficult and honestly quite uncomfortable to maintain eye contact with her, Will breaks her gaze and shifts his attention to the floor where it rests until Jack starts speaking again.

“Will I think we have a lead on the Lucifer case and I'd like you to check it out for me..” Jack sighs looking from Will to Alana and back to Will. “And if you don't want to take it, which Alana would heavily prefer you don't, then that's fine as well. In the end, it's up to you.”

“What's the lead?”

Jack gives Alana a victoriously smug look, “Well before we get into the details of the lead there's someone I think you should meet. He'll be your partner during this. His name is Hannibal Lecter and he has the same profession as Alana but his understanding on the fundamentals of vampires far exceeds everyone we have already working on this case. Actually it might exceed all our knowledge combined. He used to be a professor on the Contemporary Understanding of Vampires at Oxford University. Also to ease Alana's nerves, Hannibal will be in charge of making sure your mental stability is levelled throughout your investigation.”

“I don't need a psychiatrist with a masters in all things vampire prodding inside my head Jack. And I don't need a babysitter either,” Will shakes his head in disapproval.

“I understand that Will but you are too viable of a person to lose and personally, I don't think I can risk anything bad happening to your mental stability and ruining all the progress we've made. This is for Alana's nerves *and* mine. Now I'd appreciate you just accepting it and moving on,” Jack asserts in a tone that could be considered as anything but an “indoor voice”, something that Wills learned very quickly is a normal thing. Will moves his eyes back to the floor seemingly done with arguing with people about what they think is best for him. Why bother asking him in the first place if they're just going to make him do it anyways. The three of them go silent until the soft patter of footsteps approaches them and a pair of freshly polished brown grain Carmina Derbies come into Will's peripheral vision and a warm and exotic aroma fills his nose.

“Ah, speak of the devil! Hello Dr. Lecter. We were just talking about you,” Jack exclaims, shaking the man's hand. The second the man arrives there was a shift in the atmosphere and Will doesn't understand why until he looks up. The man standing in front of him has an undoubtedly confident, charismatically magnetic aura. He's tall, slender and clearly well groomed and pampered with slicked hair and a pressed auburn suit. His posture is regal and he practically oozes with control and confidence.

“All good things I hope,” Hannibal teases with an accent Will can't quite place, looking over to him and Alana.

“Always, Hannibal,” Alana smiles seemingly finally at ease, shoulders slumping to visualize her comfort in Hannibal's presence.

“I must say Dr. That is one nice cologne. Do you mind me asking what it is?” Jack says, making small talk.

“I don’t mind in the slightest Jack, it’s Tom Ford Oud Wood. It’s a blend of oud, rosewood, cardamom, and sandalwood. It’s become a personal favourite of mine after I purchased it a few months ago. I fear I’m incapable of going anywhere without it now. Taste really is an addiction”

“You’ve always had the most exquisite taste so there’s no issue with it being an addiction,” Jack jokes, then motions to Will’s direction and Hannibal nods to him, “This here is Will Graham.”

“Hello Will, it’s a pleasure to finally meet you, I’ve only ever heard stories,” Hannibal beams, raising a hand to shake Will’s.

Will chuckles in acknowledgment “I’ve heard that one before,” and when their hands meet Will is a bit shocked to find that despite Hannibal’s elegant and sophisticated nature his hands are rough, showing a working man behind his posh nature.

“Hannibal, I’m glad you agreed to work with us and with Will. It makes me feel a lot better knowing that he’s in the good hands of such an esteemed psychiatrist,” Alana says, putting an arm on Hannibal’s shoulder in an effort to show her genuine gratitude.

“Oh, I wasn’t aware that you’d come to a unanimous decision so soon,” Hannibal says with mild shock and looks to Will as if to confirm that what he’s hearing is true.

“Yeah I have no issue working on the lead. Jack’s very persistent about what I should do. Besides, it doesn’t seem like I have much of a choice anyways.”

“I personally believe that everyone should have the free will to act as they please. Restriction often causes resentment and ultimately abandonment,” Hannibal refutes Will’s claim and turns to Jack. “Jack I’m truly hoping that age hasn’t caught up to me because I don’t recall you telling me what the lead for this case was. Alana gave me a brief explanation of the case itself, but I’m oblivious to the lead itself”

“Oh yes of course. Essentially we found an uninhabited location that we believe might have been a hideout for Lucifer or some other vampire with connections to him. Our team has already checked to make sure it’s safe before we contacted either of you to join the case. Now what we ask is for you two to check out the location and see if you can find any additional information. Using Will’s special ability and your knowledge of vampires would most likely uncover more evidence that we might have missed. Anything that can give us a clue of where to look next,” Jack explains.

“Seems easy enough,” Will shrugs.

“So you’re proposing Will use the exact ability that has strong negative physical effects on his body to help you catch a vampire? Do you understand how reckless you’re being with his life right now Jack!” Alana accuses in disbelief.

“This isn’t just ‘any vampire’, this is Lucifer. He's the highest on our priority list and we’ve been after him for years, decades even if we're acknowledging that he's probably been murdering people from since before any of us joined the field. I refuse to let up on an opportunity that's standing right in front of me. I need to make sure I’m being thorough and efficient. I can't afford to see more people die. Mostly at the hands of that monster,” Jack snaps back at Alana.

Hannibal takes both of Alana's hands, turns her attention to him and says “Alana, I promise you that Will will be in good hands. I won’t let anything happen to him. You have my word,” in an effort to sooth her nerves.

It seems to work because all she says in response is soft, “Thank you Hannibal.”

“Boss?” Zeller calls from inside the room, “Do you think you could come here really quick, I think me and Jimmy might have found something interesting.”

As Jack makes his way into the room Will hears Alana mumbles something like “I swear to God, he has no fucking morals” under her breath, says her goodbyes to him and Hannibal before walking away clearly frustrated with Jack's decisions, which she often is when it comes to Will. When he turns back to where Jack originally was Hannibal’s standing in his place, observing him with an intrigued expression. Will only gets a glimpse of this gaze because he tries his absolute best to avoid looking directly into Hannibal's eyes. It’s like he's trying to eat him with his eyes.

Shifting his focus elsewhere, Hannibal says “Not fond of eye contact, are you?”



Chapter End Notes

I don't know why I decided to write a whole fanfic right before exams but I'm hella invested and I don't think I know how to stop. I'm not sure how consistent I'll be in regards to uploading but considering this is the longest fanfic I've ever written (and the only one thats made it out of my drafts) I think I'll probably upload regularly. After exams I think I'll try and write a new chapter every week but we'll see.

pray for me people..

The Silhouette of Appetites have Unveiled

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



“I really don't understand what the appeal of vampires even is. They're literally just homoerotic nocturnal bat-human fusions with blood kinks.” Zeller states, flipping through a pile of papers.

“Well clearly you must share the same kinks if you switched from normal homicide to vampiric homicide.” Katz deadpans, examining pieces of fabric.

“I only switched because Jimmy switched! Don't go blaming this on me. We're a duo, I can't leave him!”

“Uh huh. Get back to work Zeller” Katz says sarcastically, shaking her head with a smile.



It seems that Hannibal Lecter really is part of the case because this morning he showed up at the lab with Jack, another suit on, navy this time. Actually scratch that, the man has been standing beside Will for the past 30 minutes without saying much more than a greeting, he's just here to babysit. Was this by Jack or Alana's request or is he just doing this with his own free will. Because if he is, he must be crazy.

“Have you figured out what exactly he's doing with the organs yet? Or is that still a mystery?” Jack asks Katz.

“Mystery. But it's really fucking weird. This guy over here,” Katz says motioning to one of the corpses, “still has all his organs. Not a single one is missing. He's like an anomaly.”

“Is there something wrong with their organs perhaps?” Hannibal examines the body alongside the other two.

“Well this guy had adenocarcinoma but that's about it,” Jimmy says, showing Hannibal the clipboard in his hand. Hannibal’s eyes are focused as he scans the page in front of him for a moment. As if he’s come to some kind of conclusion he looks up to Jimmy and points at the page, eyebrows quickly jerking up as if to tell Jimmy to look at what he’s pointing to.

“Stage four?” Hannibal recites from the page.

And that's when it clicks in Wills head and his blood runs cold, bile threatening to reach his throat. In a quiet, unsure voice of pure disbelief, he squeaks out, “He’s eating them..” Everyone looks at him, sharing puzzled looks. He clears his throat and repeats himself in a more confident tone, “He’s eating them. That's why he didn’t take that guy's organs. Stage four adenocarcinoma affects all the organs in the body. The meat was bad.”

“So you’re telling me vampire’s eat people now too? How much fucking worse could it get!” Zeller practically shrieks.

“No, vampires don’t naturally eat human meat. It’s just about as foreign a concept as human on human consumption. Generally they prefer human blood as their only source of protein. It seems Lucifer has quite the exotic taste.” Hannibal assures Zeller.

“Maybe we should start calling him Cronus then. You know, because Cronus ate his kids. Cannibalism and all,” jokes Jimmy, trying to lighten the mood.

“Would this really be considered cannibalism though, I mean humans and vampires are completely different things.” Zeller argues. “I personally think this is just cruel and disgusting murder. A butcher if you will.”

“Technically not. Vampires and humans are relatively similar in anatomy, down to methods of reproduction, organs and other biological factors. Even under social and psychological factors they’re relatively the same. The only thing noticeably inconsistent is their elevated abilities. I personally would consider them a different breed, rather than state that they’re a different species altogether. Considering they speak our tongue and wear our clothes, I find it rather discomfoting to imagine a different species speaking to me in English.” Hannibal disputes Zellers comment.

“Either way. I don’t want to be associated with them.” Zeller replies.

“Maybe you shouldn't have joined vampiric homicide then.” Katz states once again.

Before Zeller can even open his mouth to defend himself, Jack puffs seemingly annoyed at this interaction “Let’s get back on track please,” and with that the group disperses.

Hannibal turns to Will, “That was quite the connection Will. Did you have a vision pertaining to this matter or did the presence of adenocarcinoma serve as the basis for your belief?”

“I mean I had a general suspicion before but the adenocarcinoma solidified it for me. It was clear that the scene we saw the other day was meant to deliberately lead us away from Lucifer and was done by someone who knows Lucifer personally because the removal of organs isn’t something we’ve made public yet. Jack says it's because a blood sucking and

organ taking vampire being on the loose would cause way too much uproar. And even some backlash from our department for not having caught him yet.”

The whole time that Wills has been talking, Hannibal hasn't looked away from him even once and it seems that Will, for once, can't seem to tear his eyes away from Hannibals either. It's like the two of them are entranced with the other.

“I understand; that's a noteworthy observation Will. Remarkably impressive,” Hannibal waits a moment and pulls out two small containers, giving one to Will before he continues, “Will, I would like the two of us to be friendly with each other considering we are not in a doctor-patient relationship but instead are partners.”

Will opens the container to find a balanced breakfast of scrambled eggs and sausage. His mouth starts to salivate and his stomach comes to life as if it knows it's going to be fed. Hannibal hands him a fork and Will puts some in his mouth. Thousands of questions come to his mind as he chews. How is this so good? What kind of a supernatural being is Hannibal? Will he cook breakfast for Will everyday? Scratch that, every meal? Instead of saying any of those, he chooses to say “I don't find you all that interesting.”

“You will,” is all Hannibal says before the two of them fall into a comfortable silence, eating breakfast outside of the lab room. How either of them have an appetite after being in a room with rotting, murdered, corpses, Will will never know.

“Do you have nightmares Will?”

- ❖♥❖ -

When Will opens his eyes he's sitting in a circle with thirteen other people, all propped up on metallic seats listening to one of them speaking. Each of them with a book on their laps. Trying to get a sense of where he is, Will looks around then down and notices that he has a book of his own, the Bible sitting on his lap. The weight of it pushes onto his thighs, burning his skin as if it's attempting to be-rid of all of his sins. Sins that sit in a dark room in the back of his head. As he stares down at the Holy Writ he can't help but feel as though it's opening and closing the doors of different rooms in his head, looking for his locked away sins.

Then Will is made aware of another weight, one in his pocket. And when he finally has the strength to look at it he sees the outline of a gun. Without thinking he pulls it out, puts it into a silent mode and looks up, aiming it at the person seated in front of him. As if he's on autopilot, Will shoots them in the head, their blood immediately spurting out from the back of their head and oozing onto the metallic seat underneath them. The person's face, one of fear and panic, is replaced with a still and peaceful one. The look of death. Something that Will is all too familiar with. Then, making quick work, he shoots everyone else in the room in the same fashion. One of the thirteen people doesn't die from the bullet wound and starts to convulse onto the floor.

If Will didn't notice before, he was bound to notice now. The smell of blood, something that was once so nauseating to Will no longer is. The feeling of dizziness and nausea that he often gets at the smell of blood is replaced with something more unsettling, sinister. Hunger.

Before his mind could even catch up to him, he pounces on the body, staring right into their eyes. And as they thrash and squirm underneath him, Will can only think about one thing. 'I wonder what you'd taste like.'

The last thing that Will see's before his mouth opens and he bite's the person's exposed neck is the Bible, sitting on the floor next to him, covered in the blood of its owner and the others in the room and the unmistakable taste of iron on his tongue.

- ❖ -

Jolting out of bed, clothes damp due to his profuse sweating, Will relives his whole nightmare in a single instant and chills run down his back at the memory. He hasn't had a nightmare in a long time. As he tries to wrap his head around why he'd be having one now of all times he hears a whine from the end of his bed and looks to see Winston who's cocking his head to the side, observing Will. As he pats at his bedsheets to invite Winston up onto the bed he tries to shake the dream away. When he gets nightmares they tend to stick, not letting him sleep for the rest of the night. The images he sees always frighten him. There's no getting used to indirectly killing people.

Looking over at his clock which reads 2:34 am, Will decides he should at least try and get a few more hours of sleep. But as he attempts to go back to sleep his sweat mixed with the feeling of his blood having run cold makes him feel like he broke out with a really bad fever. With much difficulty he slowly falls back asleep again, cuddling Winston and shivering. He has no more dreams for the rest of the night.

- ❖ -

Later that same day Will finds himself standing in a room of dark wood panelling and contemporary furnishings that creates a luxurious yet understated ambiance. There is a very minimalistic but elegant feel to the room. A black leather sofa sits with its back to the wall of the room, decorated with two purple pillows. A brown leather chair accompanies it. The walls are adorned with paintings which are strategically placed to give the room class while also presenting a simple aesthetic. The colour of the wall is just about the oddest thing about

the room. A deep, muted sage green engulfs Will and together with the dim lighting from the one lamp and a blinded window makes the room feel artificial. As if no one has ever stepped foot into the room before or that the place in which Will is standing is nothing but a set room. The room makes him feel uneasy in the same way that a hospital corridor makes him feel. There is nothing ultimately threatening about it, but it still feels as though he should run in the opposite direction. Will must have been lost in thought because he doesn't even hear the door behind him click open.

“Good evening Will.”

Chapter End Notes

I was thinking about kind of straying away from the original TV show because it's a bit difficult to follow it to a T with the difference of AU's and such. I'm still thinking about what I want to do though. My fault for never properly planning things out...

Also! Fun fact Cronus was originally the name I had in mind for Lucifer but I decided against it because Lucifer matched a lot nicer with the title. But I really thought I was so original with Cronus so I just had to reference it.

Familiar Whispers Over Whiskey and Wine

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry for not uploading anything recently. I've had the worlds biggest writers block and had no idea where to go with what i had.

Anyways heres the long awaited chapter 3.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Hello Dr. Lecter,” Will says, turning to look towards the door, “I’m sorry for the intrusion.”

Hannibal is wearing a dark brown three piece suit with a chequered pattern this time, a muted teal shirt and matching handkerchief peaks out from the dark backdrop of the fabric. His hair is slicked back as usual and his cologne resembles the one that he wore on their first encounter. Hannibal’s gaze is one of concealed shock, then amusement that Will doesn’t catch. They stare at each other for a moment, one that lasts less than a second before Hannibal speaks but feels like longer than an hour.

“No need for apologies Will, you caught me at the perfect time. My next appointment will not be until later,” Hannibal extends an arm towards the room, a gesture that invites Will in, drenched in amiability. “To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?”

Will accepts Hannibal’s invitation with a nod and walks into the room, “I had a nightmare.”

It sounds so childish coming from his mouth. Will is no stranger to inky grasp his nightmares have on him and the deeply unsettling reality that drives them. But something about talking about it, talking about it with Hannibal, helps Will ground his thoughts. It helps him move around the puzzle pieces to uncover the beauty the mysterious tales his mind creates when he’s asleep. If you had told Will a month ago that he would be getting unofficial therapy sessions with an esteemed psychiatrist and *liked* them, he would have laughed in your face.

“Ah. Quite the timing. Our last conversation was on this exact subject.” Hannibal muses taking a seat and fixing his suit. Will goes to take the seat in front of him. “You stated that you do not have many nightmares.”

“I haven’t had many recently- not anything this vivid,” Will shakes his head, eyes on everything but the man in front of him. Considering now the two of them have deluged into a topic that makes Will feel uncomfortable, he’s feeling less reluctant to look in Hannibal's direction.

“What were the contents of this nightmare?” Hannibal crosses his legs, one over the other, something that Will has noticed he does often.

Will huffs, waving his hands around in an attempt to gather the words he's looking for, "It was the Lucifer crime scene from a few weeks ago. I was reliving the vision I had but I- I felt it more. Like... There was this dull pain in my stomach, an urge to be approved. It was as if I was killing them all for attention. Seeking someone's approval."

"So is this killer acting out of their own desire to be approved by Lucifer, or are they committing the act based on what Lucifer directed them to do?" Hannibal cocks his head to the side in a small movement that Will makes note of.

These small movements of Hannibals make him seem much more human, it calms Will to know that at the end of the day Hannibal is the same as him. He proves as an example to Will that you can see terrors, live in the minds of the hurt and hurting and still come out unscathed.

"I..I'm not entirely sure," Will frowns, "I can't tell that much about the motive aside from the fact that it was with the desire to be approved by him. Can't really tell if they were ordered or not."

"Vampires, much like you Will, have heightened emotions. Akin to the physical desire to eat, drink and survive, vampires also have strong physiological drives as well. In particular, romantic ones. The yearning to love and be loved." Hannibal rises, walking slowly to his desk, "That's what makes them so tragic, their need to be loved. And the many lengths they would go to to obtain it. Like the many myths of the Greeks."

"So the killer's doing it for love?" Will laughs, "That's fucking ridiculous. Who the hell murders people in cold blood for love?"

"Love is powerful a tool Will, an emotion that many use to their advantage. It is, in my personal opinion, one of our weakest points. Devotion and adoration can lead to a chain of nonconformist actions."

"Nonconformist?" Will snorts.

"Yes. Things such as mass murder and cannibalism." Hannibal turns back to Will with an amused grin on his face, one that Will does detect this time around.

"I'm sure those things are as morally wrong as they are nonconformist."

"I fully agree. Yet vampires and humans have different moral ideals and societal expectations do they not?" Hannibal is standing by a closet close to his desk now, one of a deep chestnut colour.

"You're the vampire expert here aren't you, Dr. Lecter? You tell me." Will smirks at Hannibal from his seat with a teasing tone on his lips.

Will finds that talking to Hannibal is becoming much easier than he'd originally thought. It seems that their conversations flow in a way Will finds very difficult to achieve with others. Hannibal makes Will feel comfortable. He enjoys conversing with him.

“You put me on the spot dear Will. I’ll have you know my years as a professor are long over.” Hannibal opens the closet to reveal a rather large collection of everything from beer to wine. The inner walls of the closet are covered in different, expensive wines while drinks like whisky and beer are on the shelf. There’s a separate self that houses many cups and glasses, all for different kinds of drinks. “Care for a drink?”

“Do you drink with all your patients?”

“You are not my patient Will nor am I here to psychoanalyse you. We are merely having conversations.”

Will barks a surprised laugh, “Glad to know at least someone doesn’t talk to me just to psychoanalyse the shit out of me. Or baby me.” Hannibal looks back at him with a questioning look, waiting for him to respond to his question. “Whiskey then, if you have it,” and after a moment, “Please.”

Hannibal nods in consideration as he grabs a Macallan, a brand far too expensive for Will to be familiar with, and begins to pour it in a glass, “Who is babying you Will?”

“Alana mostly. But Jack does it too. They act like I can’t hold my shit. Like I’m some fragile thing that needs assistance in everything that he does.” Will huffs as Hannibal brings his drink to him.

“And it is this babying that has brought me to you.” Hannibal says as he goes back to the closet to get his own glass, wine instead of whisky. “Jack does not want me in this case mainly to give input, but instead to watch over you. He’d rather me be here to serve as your unofficial psychiatrist. But, I’m sure you gathered that already.”

“I did yeah.”

“I deeply apologise, Will. If-“ But before Hannibal can even get halfway through his apology he’s interrupted, rudely so.

“Don’t apologise, it’s not you I’m upset with. You’re doing your job just like the rest of us. Besides...I’m glad it’s you who Jack picked for this and not someone like Alana.” Will starts rambling, finding this topic of conversation to be a bit uncomfortable.

“It’s only natural. They feel responsible for you to some extent. Just how you feel responsible for the lives you save.”

“Yeah but I put myself in this position. The people I ‘save’ don’t. They’re innocent. They need a helping hand, someone to be their voices, someone to bring them justice. I don’t. I am fully capable of handling myself.” Will’s fully irritated now, practically an octave away from yelling at Hannibal, and for good reason to. Will hates being treated like the wounded strays he picks up.

Hannibal looks at him, face unreadable and lips pursed together, “Will, we do not have to continue discussing this topic if you would rather something else.”

Letting out a breath he didn't know he was holding, Will's has suddenly gone down a plethora of octaves and Hannibal hears a sighed, "Please," before the sound of his throat clearing. "What kind of whisky is this? I don't think I've ever had it."

"It is a Macallan 18 Year Sherry Oak Single Malt Scotch Whisky. It was aged in oloroso sherry casks made from European and American oak."

"It's wonderful. I don't think I've ever had a whisky so expensive before."

"There is a first time for everything dear Will."

The two of them fall into a comfortable silence, indulging in their respective drinks. Will doesn't remember the last time he drank with a friend just for the sake of it. This is the first time that Will has stayed to drink at Hannibal's office, it seems that there will be many firsts for them.

As of recently, Will has found his eyes wandering to wherever Hannibal might be in a room. There is no particular reason as to why he does it, he just catches himself staring. Hannibal is, by all means, very attractive. His posh nature makes him seem like a secure and safe individual and Will finds that very intriguing.

Now, as they sit in silence, Will can't help but to turn his gaze towards where Hannibal is sitting across from him, with his legs crossed. His suit is crumpled in an elegant manner that Will finds unfair. Hannibal looks lost in thought, looking out the window of the warmly lit room. His often slicked back hair is falling slightly forward, making him look much younger and approachable. Will wonders what Hannibal must have looked like in his youth. Wonders if crows feet were originally youthful boyish signs of contentment. If ashen hair was once a dark charcoal. If soft muscle was once defined.

Yet Will isn't implying that Hannibal is past his prime. No, it seems his prime is still very much in use. Hannibal seems to be ageing like one of the fine wines he has in his closet. He encompasses Will with every movement he makes and every word that comes out of his mouth. And Will has become a slave to it, he relishes in anything and everything that Hannibal says. He is the first person to treat Will as a complete equal. And even in their short time of being acquaintances, Hannibal has managed to make himself a place for Will to feel recognized, like a friend.

"Lost in thought?"

Hannibal's sudden words make Will flinch, pulling him out of the trance-like state he was in not only a moment ago. "Huh? Ah yes, I think I've had rather much to drink." Clearing his throat he slowly rises, Hannibal rising with him, "It's also getting a bit late. I'm sorry to have taken up so much of your time."

"Not at all Will, it was wonderful to have you. I hope you feel comfortable enough with me to continue stopping by if you are in need of guidance, or even a helping hand." Hannibal says as the two of them walk to the door of the office.

"I will, thanks. It was nice being here. I'll see you soon." Will nods, leaving the room.

“Have a good night dear Will.”

“You too Hannibal.” Will smiles, a genuine one.



Chapter End Notes

Will is such a hard character to write honestly. But I really hope I'm doing him some justice.

I don't really know how to follow up this chapter yet but we'll see...

I've been scouring through tumblr (my user is the same as here) as of late and have decided to incorporate a lot of hannigram tropes into this story as well so i have some strong ideas.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!